

SOMETHING.

EDITED

BY NEMO NOBODY, ESQUIRE.

"Tis Something.....Nothing."

No. 3.] Boston, Saturday, December 2, 1809. [Vol. I.

ODD OR EVEN.

FOND as we are of *oddities*, our publishers tell us that we must make "Something" even.—We have therefore been obliged to raise our price to future subscribers, from three to four dollars; but the public may be assured that it is only because we wish to be upon *even* terms with *them* as well as with our printers.

THINKING.

A little man great in thought.—Some people are apt to imagine that others will suppose their intellectual faculties engaged in *abstract elucidations*, because they appear serious.—"Let him alone," says Bannister to those who attempted to interrupt Dibdin, while apparently thoughtful, for "he *thinks* he is *thinking*."

LADIES' COMBS.

FASHION, which will reconcile any thing to a subservient fancy, has commanded our sprightly damsels to attach two, three, or four combs to their head arrangement. And it is now only such *hair-trained* ladies that in fashionable circles are *well-combed*.

HOPE.

WHAT is it? An anxiety for something that will never come, an attempt to cross over a newly frozen stream—the ice breaks and you are—gone.

BETTER THAN THE REST.

AT a late ball, a young lady being introduced by her partner to the supper hall, and requested to take some rest, observed that she thought the *refreshment* better than *all* the rest.

DEVIL.

THE gentleman politely (or politicly) introduced to us under this title, was formerly an intimate with many respectable families, and even surnamed several people of high estimation.—Witnesses,

Lord of Montresor, Rogerius Diabolus ; lord of Lusignan, Hughes le diable ; Robert, son to William the Conqueror, surnamed the Devil.—Beside which,

“In Norway and in Sweden there were two families of the name of *Trolle*, in English, Devil : and every branch of these families had an emblem of the Devil for their coat of arms.

In Utrecht, there was a family called *Teusil* or Devil ; likewise in Brittany there was a family of the name *Diable*.

MONKEYS.

WHILE these animals are continually reminding men how nearly the brute creation approach to *us*, shall we receive no lesson how far we ought to retreat from *them* ?

BRANDY.

THE first Sultan that was ever intoxicated, was Amarat the fourth, but he got drunk—with wine.

BELLS.

As a lately erected bell has made a great noise in this town, it may not be amiss while it is yet ringing in our ears to convey with its sounds a few impressions to the mind.

The invention of bells is attributed to the Egyptians—the feast of Osiris was announced by them.

English history says that *large* bells were not known (some say until the fourth, others) until the sixth century.

Pliny mentions bells under the denomination of *tintinnabula*, but such could not have weighed three thousand pounds.—Augustus too as we are

told, placed one before the temple of Jupiter,—but though Homer tells us that his godship sometimes nodded, we are certain that he could not have slept while such a bell as our Brattle street meeting house can boast, was sounding in his ears; in the sixth century (or thereabouts) when Sens was besieged, a certain bishop, no matter who, ordered the church bells of St. Elienne to be rung, and by their *proclamations* so terrified the besieging army that they instantly raised the siege.—A little while afterwards Charlemagne ordered all the church-bells to be *baptized*.

We are told that that there was in Peru, in the year 1554, a bell whose circumference was forty five hands.

TONGUE OF THE BELL.

THE bell itself made a great noise, but the breaking of its tongue made a greater.—All who set their wits to work to make a pun between bells and belles on its importation, had on this accident *une belle occasion*, to shew, *un-bel-esprit*.

Some say it broke because it struck too hard.

Others say that it proved its weakness by talking too long on one subject.

We think it failed because it had not sound met-al.

MANAGERS.

WE acknowledge that we are usurpers, and that like all other usurpers we support our dominion by the assistance of spies and informers; we have also ears of our own, and eyes that are not very short-sighted; in addition, we have a mind that can re-lect. Let this observation account for "Something."

If the managers really think that we have done them wrong, why do they not make their remarks in the fair face of day openly and on the *first story*—why do they keep "grumbling in the cellarage." A candle should never be put under a bushel, place it on a candlestick and it will give light.

If while intending to careen the ship we have applied our purchase too partially to the main mast, have they not a foremast and a mizen?

ATTACKED.

WE most heartily congratulate our subscribers and readers, on the prospect before us; instead of being laid up in *ordinary*, our paper gun

boats, are likely to become men of war—we have at last been attacked—Hurrah for battle and stripes! *we* fight under the American flag, and whatever colours our enemies may shew, false or true, we swear that we will conquer or die.

But we are wandering from our proper sphere, “about, about my brain,” and let us find some less heroic subject of allusion.

At last the critic lance was hurled, we felt it—on our seven-fold shield. Let the foe advance.

Qui cum victus erit, mecum certasse feretur.

Still, still too much upon stilts; can we not descend? we fear we cannot walk on *common* ground, but we know that we must *stoop* to conquer.

We will therefore insert a few *strange* remarks, for Plutarch tells us, that mandrakes planted among vines improve the flavour of the grape, and although we do not expect that these introductions will much correct our acidity, we know that they will be the cause of making “Something” a more stimulating beverage to future subscribers.

Is it to be supposed *after* reading the above, that men of common sense will not *perceive* at once that we are intolerably vain?

There needs no *ghost* come from the *grave* to tell them this.

But let not our readers be alarmed, for we fight only with the pen, consequently they are to expect nothing more than *paper* war.

SOLITUDE.

O Zimmerman! after all you have said to recommend solitude, what can we think it, but as the retreat of the vain, the humility of the proud, or the bravery of the coward? If the world insults me, shall I fly from it? Oh no! To the *right, face*.

CARDS.

IN an ingenious work, called “The Curious and instructive Library,” written by Father Menestrier, a Jesuit, we find a little history of cards.

According to this writer, playing cards were unknown till the year 1392, when Charles 6th, of France, fell into a lethargy. May they never be worse employed than in curing lethargies!

QUOTATIONS.

WE would not willingly offend any one, but we cannot afford to yield to the suggestions of those who complain of us for making quota-

tions from ancient and modern languages ; for we expect, though published in Boston, that our labours will reach Cambridge, New York, New Haven, Philadelphia and Baltimore.

MUCH ADO ABOUT "SOMETHING."

"WHAT is the reason" said an old lady to her daughter, "that you don't attend to nothing," "because mamma," replied the young lady, "I am pleasingly engaged with "Something."

Did we not foretell that "Something would please," any body? "Nobody" knows what he is about.

LADIES' TRAILS.

BASHAWS' *tails* have produced the following *tale*, of a lady's *trail*. "A certain fashionable lady, intending to enter her drawing room a few days since, found herself suddenly arrested,—ah! by what? The trail of her gown had not yet escaped the closing of the coach door."

The above is a "*communication*" we have taken some liberties with the contour we confess, but the features remain the same, and we beg leave to add that the lady if not of the *highest* must at *least* have been of the *longest* fashion.

We beg the author to continue his communications, for if he is not thought witty now—he may be really so by and bye.

But,—to him and to all who may be inclined to favour us with their assistance, we seriously declare that we shall publish nothing that is not chaste in wit, and honest in allusion;—excepting perhaps, what may issue from the brains of our editorial selves, of which perhaps we may not judge so severely, as of the wit of others.

EDUCATION.—No. I.

IT is our wish to effect some improvement in the education of our children. We shall, therefore, occasionally, and regularly if practicable, insert our ideas on the subject.—Our sentiments will elsewhere be considered, as local—we intend them only for Boston and its vicinity. Our aim is in *this* instance particularly directed to the establishments in Boston and its neighbourhood, we are too well acquainted with the su-

perior establishments *elsewhere*, to suppose that any thing we could say would there be necessary.

EDUCATION.

ON this topic much has been written by men with learned *pens*, and many beautiful rays of nature have emanated from the female *heart*, on this topic we have been spurred by the orator, and instructed from the pulpit. But preceptors still labour, and parents still complain.

In the chaos of contending sentiment in which we find all writers on this subject equally involved; from the discordant hypotheses by which their readers are equally confused; it would appear that the best and simplest edification on the subject they have produced, is that which they *involuntarily* exhibit—a lesson to all mankind to be cautious in their positions, modest in their arguments, and diffident in their assertions.

The result of our contemplations, is that no regular system of education can be devised that will be equally applicable and beneficial to all.

As witnesses in support of this apparently bold assertion, we appeal to experience and nature.

Experience will teach us that the education of children has always been accommodated to the existing state of nations and their appliances.—So it has ever been and so it ever will be. As the natures of governments differ, so must differ the habits of the people, and in conformity to those habits, must be the education of those destined to observe them; and as the minds of parents are not of uniform composition, but modified by the effects of differing professions, by the accidental influences of politics, climate or custom, so must their wishes, manners, habits, and feelings so totally disagree as to put all uniform systems of education at defiance.

Were we Spartans, the above observations might have been inapplicable.

Our next appeal in support of the assertion is to Nature.

Nature will from every breast at once declare, that the organs of human beings are not so mechanically arranged that like an artificial instrument, they will return the expected note responsive to the breath, or touch of every mouth or finger unskilfully applied.

The chords of the human mind, to produce the harmony we desire from them, must be moved by the breath to which they would *naturally* vibrate; it will consequently appear that any mechanical system of education must be liable, at least, to general inapplicability; for the variations of the feelings are as infinite as the variations of the features of the human character, and all regular systems to which any probable degree of success can be attached, must be founded on the presupposition of a precise congeniality of sentiment, feeling, and judgment between the authors of it and the parent; a congeniality almost impossi-

ble between two the most affectionate and best selected friends, and never to be expected between the parents and the author of such a system, while individuals retain feelings exclusively their own, ideas peculiar to themselves, and a competent degree of pride or weakness to defend them.

But, admitting the practicability of an author's forming a system of education that should be acceptable to the judgments and common sense of all. Is the work done? is the effect produced? We are indeed *told*, and we acknowledge what we ought to do, but where is the security for our performance? In our knowledge of what is right? If so, there *may be* some parent who has never suffered the defenceless state and supplicating eye of his infant to disarm his authority, and destroy his resolution.

It is a common observation that there is no general rule without an exception; but of all general rules, we think none are more exceptionable than those dogmatically delivered respecting education; particularly where general systems of treatment are adopted, without references to genius, feeling, and disposition.

"Train up a child in the way that he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it," is a quotation easily made and at all times applicable—but applicable to what? to the general duty of the parent. But the material question is, *how* this is to be effected. We are all desirous of training up our children in the right way, the difficulty is not in the inclination, but the means. We apply for information on the subject, and the misfortune is that we apply to *learned* men, who compose theories and systems in their closets, and approving ~~themselves~~ ^{them} themselves, imagine, that a condescending world will yield implicit confidence to the efforts of their midnight study.

It is very easy also to apply to any author for sanction of conduct or sentiment, and it is as easy to obtain it: erroneous and even vicious habits may plead the expressions of writers in their favour; but such applications prove only a servility and dependence on *mortal* capacity, where the mind *really* anxious for true knowledge would ascend to nature and to nature's God.

(To be continued.)

ON THE FEMALE MIND.—No. I.

To ascertain the original comparative effort of the female mind, we must examine it from its introduction to existence, and we are ready to confess that, generally, in this earliest emanation of it our testimony must be derived from female information. But it may not therefore be

imperfect. Let us in the first place appeal to the feelings and experience, since we have no where the *testimony* of mothers, whether they have in any one instance fairly estimated, perceived in the earliest infancy of their children, a predominance of natural mental expansion in their male over their female issue.

Presuming that the general reply would be at least, "*no, we have not,*" we shall proceed upon the proposition, that male and female at their birth, and till the emanation of reasoning faculties, are equally endowed with that fundamental principle of intelligence, which, as it is neglected or cultivated, will produce wild or perfect fruit.

In order to estimate accurately the future corivalship of mind, it appears expedient to suppose two infants either in the same family, or in two families of equal capability and will to give them the best education.

Our enquiry must then necessarily be respecting the difference of male and female education, and how each mode respectively is calculated to check or promote the improvement, to produce the contraction or expansion of human intellect.

We presume it will not be a contested position that the improvement of the human mind must be proportionate to its expansion, or its capability of embracing the various objects presented to its attention.

But there is beside this *capability* of embracing objects, another essential requisite, which is a *readiness* to imbibe whatever is presented to it; the capability of embracing objects may be considered as a *natural* endowment the readiness with which those objects are received as an *artificial acquirement*.

For, a mind may possess in itself the *capability* of retention, but if objects are not presented to it, it must remain void, like any common vessel whose powers of reception are in its form, but which it requires external agency to fill.

But the *readiness* of the human mind in embracing objects, involves a question of widely different consideration in its *readiness* to receive, it is removed from a passive to an active employment; but this activity must be given to it by preceding contingencies; the mind, having had once presented fairly to it, one primary idea will easily expand itself to the comprehension of such ideas as are collateral.

For instance, a boy accustomed to see soldiers in their regimentals walking singly through the streets will, from the effects of natural curiosity, readily imbibe the idea of a company; from a company his ideas will, from the same natural impulse of investigation, expand to the conception of a regiment; from a regiment to an army, but another who has never been in a situation to see men otherwise accoutered than by their customary dress, will have no ideas, or if any, very imperfect ones, either of a soldier or the company,

If then the human mind is indebted for its expansion to the objects presented to it, it must of course follow, that the expansion of the human mind must be in proportion to the nature, quality, and effect of those objects presented to it.

This point, which we think incontestable, being admitted, we shall proceed to enquire into the distinct modes of treatment of the male and female mind.

But knowing how public disquisitions, however intelligible the author may attempt to make them, are always liable to misinterpretations, we think it necessary to declare, that while we are pointing out the causes of the superiour expansion of the minds of infant males, we are not advocating the same as applicable to females. Our object is only to prove that the female mind is at least equal to that of the male, *naturally*, and that those female minds which have burst the trammels of ordinary education and depressing restrictions are not inferior in the general exercise of intelligence to those of their coeval males.

(To be continued.)

Theatre, Friday, Nov. 24th, 1809.

THE Foundling of the Forest was again represented this evening, and to a very thin house—Now, we declare at once our opinion that if the managers suffer neglect from the public, they suffer only in consequence of their own bad management—They *do not* do their duty; and if they are *inclined* to do it, they know not *how* to perform it. Does it not ring in the ears of every stranger that Boston supports a theatre with greater spirit than any city on the continent? We can as yet, say no, as respects this season—but we *dare* not, with all our vanity, add that they would not do it, if open, honest, and direct measures were adopted to invite them.

We have no scruple in declaring to the managers that they are wrong, for we will tell them *wherein* they have erred.

All persons, who engage in any way with that many headed monster—the public; should establish as soon as possible some fundamental principle of action on which the hydra may rely: but it is well known that our managers have invited *part* of that public to performances that would have disgraced an English barn—they have puffed and puffed, till at last their candle has gone out.—There is no longer, candidly considered, any reliance to be placed on them with regard to the performances—they will, to be sure, tell us that such a play has been performed with the *most unbounded applause* in London—but will they ensure the public

that it will be correctly performed here?—And yet, this they must do, before they can with any propriety complain of neglect.

The managers must themselves establish a credit for truth and discernment, before they can expect the public to follow what are now their (will o'th' wisp) invitations.

Mr. Cooper is advertised this evening for six nights.—The managers will doubtless experience the advantage of engaging him. After his departure, we shall ourselves usurp, on *paper*, the province of directing the managers of the theatre.—Yes—we will do it.—We know that there are talents in the present company, that properly encouraged and elicited would do justice to the managers and to the public, and, they shall not slumber, if we can rouse them.

We are bold—vain—and all that—no matter what we are called—we undertake to reform the theatre—if the theatre be not raised in the estimation of the public, before our paper fails, we must bear the blame. If we should be the means of promoting its respectability, and putting money in the pockets of its managers we shall expect credit.

We would now venture to give a hint to the managers of what we think they ought to do, but we must reserve it for our next.

Theatre, Nov. 27th, 1809.

HAMLET, AND THE SPOILED CHILD.

WE are fully sensible of the very delicate situation in which we are placed by the arrival of Mr. Cooper, and of the increased duties which are thereby imposed upon us; we shall *endeavour* at least to discharge them faithfully, but concisely.

Hamlet is the most interesting to a philosophic mind, the most tenderly woven, and the most exquisitely beautiful, when adequately represented, of any of Shakespeare's characters.—We know not that the idea has been before indulged, but we cannot help thinking, that the delineations of this character were drawn from his own feelings voluntarily excited from *supposed* extraneous causes, for the purpose of exhibiting how a virtuous and a moral mind might love, might feel, determine, yet conduct itself, in every instance irresolutely.

Hamlet has no previously determined character, on his introduction. Nothing is said of him that can describe him more particularly than as the son of the deceased king.—As a prince, and the son of a dearly beloved but deceased father he first appears, mourning the loss of his father, and the quickly succeeding marriage of his mother with his father's brother.—His sorrow on these occasions can only be considered as the effect of natural sensibilities, and not as designating the character of the

man. He is a prince of Denmark—so far, a certain sketch is given for the contour of the interlineations of his manners and deportment. Here we must stop with respect to every prospectus the author has given us of his character: he becomes from the moment of his introduction the creature of incident and feeling; and we can only judge of the performance of such a character from our own opinion of the effects the various incidents and feelings would produce on such a being so circumstanced.

Mr. Cooper appeared this evening to some part of the audience as performing with less than his usual spirit, and the attendant fatigue of travelling was imputed as the cause.—We should however rather consider, what others imputed to a deficiency of spirit, as the effect of an increase of judgment, formed on the minute study of the character; and this was evident to us, from what *must* have been *purposed* deviations from his usual method of delivering several passages, and the improved arrangements of many of the scenes.—Sticks and hands were less than ordinarily employed, but silence and the mind applauded more.

We hope the time is not far off when, vociferation and extravagant action will no longer be the leading incitement to public applause.—We have witnessed with supreme delight the approbation of the Boston audience, given to sentiments of heroism and morality—we know therefore they can feel as men, and if upon this honest and natural feeling they will consent to build a superstructure of science; what may not hereafter be expected from a community celebrated for enterprise?

We can discover *who* applaud noise, and *who* silently admit impression; we would barter a thousand clapping hands for one honestly excited tear.

We know that Mr. Cooper's acting this evening has called forth very contradictory sentiments—such must always be the case while the temperament of the human mind is so contradictory in its willingness to receive pleasure from external objects.—Some say that he did not play with his usual spirit, we think he played with more than his usual judgment; some say he was fatigued, *if so, we* say so much the better—for the effect of his fatigue was—added interest to the character; if the ladies say Mr. Cooper was not *himself*,—we still say so much the better, for the prince of Denmark appeared in his stead.

We have before said that we profess not to be critics, and much do we detest that captious frivolity which would carp at an accidental error in an actor's utterance. We shall never censure managers or actors for involuntary mistakes—we shall be steady only to the public's rights, but if a scene is out of order one night to the confusion of the performance, we shall expect that it will be repaired by the next.

We shall take the same liberty of dissenting from any part of Mr. Cooper's performance as we would from that of any other gentleman or

lady on the stage, but on this evening he has afforded us but little opportunity.—We think that on some occasions he regards metrical composition as of minor importance, and we cannot give our assent to the substitution of the word *blanch* for *blench*, in the soliloquy immediately succeeding the visit of the players. We are partial to our own language and its *real* etymology.

We think also that Whalley had some reason for proposing to Garrick the reading the following passage, thus,

My father's spirit! in arms! all is not well.

The soliloquy after the player's recitation, was delivered with fine conception and effect, but we submit to Mr. Cooper's consideration our objections to his delivery of that passage in it, wherein Hamlet condemns himself for having already *talked* too much and too LOUDLY on the subject—would not a reflecting intonation be more appropriate to such self discovered errors?

We have never known the soliloquy on death to have been better or more feelingly and impressively delivered.

Mr. Cooper's attitude—(but it was not attitude alone, 'twas soul evinced by countenance and limb) after the play scene, was strikingly impressive.

His manner of delivering "a bloody deed," &c. almost compensated for his killing Polonius.

We could point out many intrinsic beauties in Mr. Cooper's performance of Hamlet, but it is not our object to criticise—we wish only to catch every opportunity of re-establishing the credit of our theatre.

We will however suggest another hint to Mr. Cooper.

The *requests* of princes to subordinate officers are always considered as commands—if Osrick does not feel the force of the prince's request, he should be taught the *essence* of civility by the prince himself—Hamlet, finding that Osrick would not put his hat *on* at his request, should convince him of his want of manners by taking *off* his own.

Mr. Mills performed the Ghost with strict propriety, with energy and impressions that were felt and acknowledged by the audience. We think that this gentleman needs only the cultivation and *defence* of his own talents to *become*, what his ambition directs him to aspire to be—a great actor. Can we say any thing more in praise of Mrs. Darley's Ophelia than the feelings of the audience exhibited? we think not.

Yes,—on reflection, we can say more, for the audience judged generally perhaps by the effect produced—we will, therefore, trace that effect to its causes—a chaste conception of the author's meaning, and the most delicate and affecting execution.

Laertes, by Mr. Darley, was well supported—this gentleman has lately exhibited talents which, cultivated, will do him honour.

He will excuse us for remarking, that when the king asks him,

“Who shall stay you?”

He should not reply—“My will.”

The meaning of this passage we conceive to be this—prosaically delivered—all the world, or all the world’s (will,) shall not stay my *will*, and for my *means* I’ll husband them so well, they shall go so far with little.

Mr. Darley, and indeed every other gentleman concerned, deserved great credit for the last scene, which we have never seen better exhibited. Mr. Dickenson was every thing that established *custom* in the personation of Polonius required—but we think the character itself is fundamentally *mistaken*.

We experienced a jealous pleasure in finding the gallery disappointed by Mr. Bernard’s taking off only two waistcoats—We have seldom seen this gentleman so chaste in his performance as on this occasion.

Mrs. Powell always deserves praise, but we cannot this evening applaud the queen of Denmark.

Theatre, Wednesday, Nov. 29.

RULE A WIFE AND HAVE A WIFE.

WE saw so little of this play that we shall say very little about it, yet were we present during the *whole* performance.

We think no human being could have exhibited a finer contrast in speech, action, and manners, than that which we witnessed from Mr. Cooper this evening, in the assumed and real character of Leon.

We think Mr. Cooper very *deeply* improved, and we welcome such improvements with delight, because we think they will tend to the *improvement* of the stage. He does not talk so *loudly* as usual, but he makes us feel more *sensibly*.

Mr. Mills, in the Copper-Captain, was excellent.

By the bye, a “leather or prunella” critic the other day, in the Patriot, observed, that Mr. Mills “was no Ghost,” that “a ghost was beyond his sphere.”—We like wit, but only when we can discover it. It is not worth while to ask this six starred critic what he meant. We say that Mr. Mills played *Shakespeare’s* Ghost in Hamlet, and played it well. Any ghostly observations to the contrary notwithstanding.

TRIFLES.

WE embark in this undertaking on an avowed principle of independence of opinion ; and we have no objection to wear our heart upon our sleeve, for any bird to peck at, whether daw or dove.—We are well aware that we lay ourselves open to the censures of men whom we highly esteem, but we have said “*Va mon enfant,*” we have launched our bark uninsured on the ocean of experience, and we can less hope to escape from *privateers* than *public force*.

But independent of our own sins, we find that we are called upon to answer for the transgressions of others—the managers accuse us of writing for other papers, we beg leave to assure them that we have enough to do with our own.

We shall take this opportunity of declaring most unequivocally, and we hope particularly that *Mr. Cooper* will credit our assertion.—We have *never* directly or indirectly been concerned in any one criticisms on theatrical representations, within the limits of the United States, before we commenced the editorship of “*Something*.”

Since we commenced editors ourselves, we declare as unequivocally, that we have not written, nor will we write any thing but what appears under our own authority.

Mr. Powell may also be assured, and we know that Mr. and Mrs. Claude will be so, after this declaration, that we were not the authors of the unpleasant criticism of which they so much complain.—What it was, when, or in what paper it appeared we know not, for we have never *seen* it.—Our sentiments we declare *openly* ; we need no cloak to them, for they are honest if not correct.

“Who steals *my* purse steals trash.”

WE thank our witty friends, for their jokes on this poor line in our last number ; we care not, if we can amuse them, be it so, even at the expense our *own* purse.

But, we cannot so cordially unite with that gentleman who observed that if a certain thousand dollars, were loaned for the support of this paper, “*Something* would come to nothing.” Let the experiment be made, we will answer for the *issue*.

We do not see the necessity of our being poor, because Dr. Johnson was indebted to poverty for a stimulus to his talents.—We think we could be more witty if we had more money—we like too a glass of wine now and then, for

“Wine whets the wit, improves its native force,
And gives a pleasant flavour to discourse.”

Besides, it is rather a bad plan to drive an author to exclaim,

That while his head with fire pindaric glows,
He seeks in vain for fire to warm his toes.

Verbum sat—sapienti.

COMMUNICATION.

[We are grateful for the following, and feel highly honoured by the *comparison*.—It is however strange, that the only reluctance we feel in giving it publication, arises from the only virtue the author has neglected to praise—our modesty.]

“Nemo Nobody, Esquire, Editor of Something.”

MR. EDITOR,

The Rev. Mr. Channing's new Meeting-House justly attracts admiration :—Its internal and external appearance presents a varied and yet a oneness of architecture, that charms the eye and commands an involuntary respect. Last week I attended the dedication of this elegant structure.—My attention to the service-forms and reflections upon the language of the Rev. Divines, were equally and critically apportioned ;—they were truly impressive and gratifying ;—and, when the offices of devotion were gone through with, I left the house, highly pleased and edified. But Mr. Editor, as I was walking homeward, with slow step, and calling to mind that which I had seen and heard, I happened to turn up my eyes, when lo ! the large and boldly elevating spire, which majestically rises from the tower, surrounded by its modest but symmetrical attendants, brought “NOBODY” and “SOMETHING” full upon my mind ;—and I could not refrain from drawing the following

COMPARISON.

This *House* was erected by genius and taste—

(And so is the “SOMETHING”—that's clear :)

It was *built* for a purpose divine, good, and chaste—

(With the same views doth “SOMETHING” appear.)

From the *pulpit* such truths will go forth, as, I ween,

Shall cut folly and vice, and their friends—

(On the pages of “SOMETHING” will, also, be seen,

Such truths, for the very same ends)

The *steeple*, that points towards heaven the road

Has a base that is broad, firm and fair ;

(So "SOMETHING," I trust, will point upwards, the good
On discernment its grand base doth rear.)

The *wane* boldly shews the true current of wind,
And the landsman and seaman directs—
(So the satire of "SOMETHING," and wit most refin'd,
Boldly reader and writer corrects.)

In symmetrical ease, round the tow'r, *spires* arise,
The grand steeple to guard and adorn;
(So, 'round "SOMETHING," the graces and loves meet our eyes
And of Pleasure and Profit the form !)

Boston, Nov. 27, 1809.

W.

NATIVE GENIUS.

We are still pleased with our endeavours to excite the attention of the publick to Mr. White's play, and are more pleased to find that our opinion of it is sanctioned by men whose talents have done honour to their country. We shall write the prologue, and Mr. Paine the epilogue. The managers will *undoubtedly* do their duty, the actors *theirs*, let the publick attend and we shall shew the world what Boston can effect.

DISAPPOINTMENT.

By our determination never to be *behind* hand with the publick, we have been drawn into a little scrape, and been too much *before* hand this week—we had been threatened with the stings of nettles, ants and pis-mires, in abundance, and we promised in our thirty sixth page to make a few extracts from the pretty pieces *written against* us. But alas ! they have never yet appeared in print—We sincerely condole with the publick for the loss they sustain—They cannot however help themselves and therefore must put up with the product of our own factory for we confess that we have no foreign goods on hand.

By the bye, that the world may think us true Patriots, it may not be amiss to declare, that all our raw materials are of our own growth, and all our wit *home-spun*.

Who can doubt us now ?